

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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No. 11

WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?

"He satisfieth the longing soul and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."—Ps. 107:9.

At a recent Rotary Club luncheon I listened to a discourse on "The Greatness of America." We were told that we had the greatest country on earth, that some of our forty-eight States were larger than Germany, that the population of the world could be put into Texas alone, that Florida had 30,000 lakes, that we produced one-third of the earth's gold and iron, one-half the cotton, and three-fourths the corn, that of the 34,000,000 automobiles in the world we owned 25,000,000. The speaker had an amazing memory for figures. My mind began to whirl as he enumerated our 242,000 miles of rails, 120,000 miles of oil pipe lines and 15,000,000 radios. Each sentence bespoke a keen relish for statistics and his eyes sparkled as he closed the address with a eulogy on America's future.

Everything had been reckoned in huge figures. The standard was millions or even billions. The text of the talk might have been: "A man's life consisteth in the abundance of things which he possesseth." All was so mechanical that you could hear the wheels go 'round. I found myself thinking: "Where would Scotland or Greece or Switzerland or Holland appear in this picture?" And I remembered how William James once had said that he was against bigness in all its forms and in favor of the eternal forces of truth that work gently in each individual soul.

Jesus told us that men could not live upon things. They cannot now live on railroad securities or on guaranteed mortgages, if there still are such, or on copper or cotton—not really live. Something must be wrong with our hunger for things, when we have plain need for val-

ues that are different. A doctor often asks his patient: "How's your appetite?" Suppose I now put the same question to you. What do you want? Is there anything in particular that you would like me to set before you this morning? Let us consider men's cravings.

I shall omit pleasure because it doesn't satisfy. Pleasure is a great impostor. It promises much, but gives almost nothing. I asked the other day about a young Princeton graduate whom I used to see. "O, someone left him quite a lump of money," was the answer, "and now he spends his time between Pasadena and Florida. He likes golf and fox-hunting." Think of the waste of a fine young fellow like that turning aside from all great things!

Let us consider, first, men's craving for truth. That is the story of Darwin and Pasteur and of every true scientist, as well as of discoverers like Columbus. Note the infinite patience of their devotion to truth for truth's sake with emotion held at arm's length. The scientist gives his life for truth, and he is a noble representative of the race. Scientific discovery confers power, but does it make men happier? It is doubtful. Vast areas of truth—emotional, artistic, religious areas—are outside the realm of science. Yet the search for even scientific truth is a search for God, because God is truth. L. P. Jacks tells us that no man, ignoring the teachings of science, can live the good life, for there is a close connection between the two.

Consider the craving for beauty. Many persons know this real hunger, for beauty feeds the soul. Religion as doctrine makes no appeal to such, but they quickly re-

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spond to religion as art. Oh how religious people have raised the devil over ordinations, making God out a Presbyterian or a Methodist or a Roman Catholic! How the holy communion has been degraded into a feast of exclusiveness! How did the church so lose her sense of beauty? Our own Presbyterian Church has starved her people by her neglect of the beautiful. We have been concerned to be scientific in teaching, but have forgotten to be lovely. Jesus was an artist. If a man truly travels the road of beauty, there he will find God, for no one can look into his own heart and say where beauty ends and religion begins.

A group of young girls went noisily into the new chapel of Chicago University. When they came out, all were quiet, for beauty had spoken to them. Beauty is not confined to matters of rhythm, form or color. We see it in a courageous stand for truth; we feel it in any noble life. How majestic music uplifts us! I remember how De Morgan in one of his books expresses the effects of lofty music by saying that it rids one of the feeling that there is any real occasion for worry. Such was his actual experience, he averred, however unable he was fully to describe it. And Browningsings,

"The rest may reason and welcome;
'tis we musicians know."

Fraser in Africa tells of bringing a savage to hear the Hallelujah Chorus on the graphophone. "The black man's eyes filled with tears, and he walked away in silence, leaving me more solemnized than ever before by music."

All of us at times are mystics. In our

best moments, visibility is good. In the desert or by the ocean, the sense of the divine presence is strong upon us, and we exclaim: "Surely the Lord is in this place!" Let us make note of these moments when God passes by. One may have the sense in an art gallery. Another may step out upon the fresh grass after a downpour and, looking up at the rainbow, may murmur as Coleridge did to Hazlitt: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!"

Let us think of one craving more, the sigh for goodness. Saint Theresa, Thomas à Kempis, and all the saints have known this. There is nothing in the world like it, and at times all the world longs for it, for goodness outshines all other kinds of greatness.

When David Livingstone stood to receive his honorary degree before the University of Edinburgh, the arm that the lion had attacked hanging lifeless by his side, not a cheer was raised. The assembly felt the sacredness of the man before them.

We are living in an age of bewilderment. Men do not know what to believe. But at the heart of our unrest there is yearning; in us all there is a vacuum that earth cannot fill. One has commented: "The world is round, and the heart of man is triangular."

And one word more. Am I calling you to a mountain peak of impossible splendor? Even though I am, it is to the kind of life that Christ would have you live. Let us be honest. What do you want most? Freedom from responsibility? You cannot have it. A sweeping away of all temptation? You cannot have this. Would you be "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease?" You cannot be. What is it you want? Gold, silver, the kingdoms of the earth, immunity from sorrow? What is it? Is it a keener sense of God, a nearer likeness to Jesus? This you may have. Here wide open is the vault of grace. Take all you can, and with it have all things else.

At the end of a day's work, Thomas Aquinas heard an angel ask: "What wouldst thou have?" He answered:

"Nothing but Thyself, O God!" Let us want our lives thus enriched with God's goodness.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Now abideth truth, beauty, goodness—these three; but the greatest of these is goodness.—*From a Sermon by Malcolm James MacLeod, D.D.*

MY WAY

My sister rushed off to the hall,
As soon as it was four;
She never stopped to wash a dish
Or do a single chore.

She's learning pieces, so she said,
To speak on Mother's Day;
And I s'pose that's all very well,
But it is not my way.

I never went to practice
Nor learned a line; I rather
Just stay at home and do the chores
My sister left, for Mother.

—*Donald K. Hannan.*

ANCIENT EXERCISE

Perhaps many people think that, a few centuries ago, nobody thought of taking his "daily dozen," attending a gymnasium regularly, or going on long hikes to keep in proper physical condition. But look back to the days of early Rome.

The old Romans conquered eighty-six nations, and the secret of their success lay in the fact that the Roman armies consisted of drilled or exercised men who could make unusual marches and whose endurance was remarkable. An army was called an *exercitus*, the word from which our word "exercise" comes. The men of those days practised all kinds of physical exercise, with a view to exercise every muscle in their bodies.

At the time when coats of mail were worn, one of the most difficult forms of exercise was to swim, fully equipped, for long distances. This gave the men wonderful lung power. On land they wrestled, ran, tossed weights, and went through maneuvers in this same heavy armor, thus building up their bodies to

"be nearly physically perfect."

The ancient Greeks trained their young men in a similar manner, but added phases of exercise that mixed enjoyment with work. They offered liberal prizes for proficiency in all kinds of exercise, such as running, hurdling, lifting weights, wrestling, and spear-throwing. Long-distance running commanded special attention. Many of our present athletic contests have come directly from those people.

One of the most famous bodies of men of olden times were the Turkish Janizaries. They were originally children of Christian parents captured by the Turks, and the first trained group of these young men were bodyguards to the Sultan. Because of their clean, healthful living, these young people were of better physique than the children of their captors. Trained by hard exercise, they became physical wonders of the civilization of those times. The Turkish authorities, realizing the benefit of such physical development, ordered their young people to take up physical exercise, for possible enrollment in this select body of young men. Boys of twelve were enrolled as auxiliary members of the Janizary troop, and they had physical drills that would test the endurance of young men of our colleges to-day. Only the best were chosen for service, so that the Janizaries were picked men in every sense of the word. Year by year their numbers increased, so that within half a century their membership was more than a hundred thousand, and they were famous the world over.

While Romans, Grecians, and Turks trained their soldiers with a view to all-round physical development, many countries trained their men for special attainments. Some became messenger runners who could travel at a dogtrot for a hundred miles or more; some became famous wrestlers; and others trained especially to have wonderful lifting power. Among the last were the natives of Afghanistan, Hungary, and countries of northern Africa, as well as the Japanese. —*Christian Register.*

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

MRS. JOHN A. MCCADDIN, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

A correspondent writing to the Exchange for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of her minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

APPEALS

1. I am a great lover of fancy work and would like to receive bits of embroidery thread or any kind of sewing material. I have a little girl two years old and one four years who would appreciate toys or anything to amuse them. Mrs. R. F. Roten, R.F.D. No. 1, Clifton, N. C.

2. Miss Esther A. Ford, Winterport, Me., would be glad to be remembered on her birthday, which is May 3rd. It is always a sad day, as she is alone in the world, and has suffered much pain all winter.

3. Some quilt pieces or thread of any kind would be appreciated. I am kept at home most of the time, as my husband's uncle stays with us. He is 87 years old and is blind. Mrs. Dora Hall, Box 15, Endicott, Va.

4. Miss Stella Wright, R.F.D. 44, Box 54, Bassett, Va., is 16 years old. She hasn't been to school for four years, as her mother is sick and her father is too old to work. She has five brothers and sisters who enjoy good books. She would like books to study at home and patchwork.

5. Mrs. Glem Sullivan, White Top, Va., is the mother of two little girls. She

would be thankful for quilt pieces, thread, or any kind of cheer sent her.

6. I will be so proud to get some quilt pieces, or embroidery thread. We are farmers and live on rented land. I am 30 years old and have five children. Mrs. M. B. Beverage, Dabney, Ark.

7. Mrs. Meluin Cain, Moffitt, N. C., formerly Annie E. Hayes, wishes to inform all Billy's friends of his second operation, which was for ruptured appendix. He is getting along well in the hospital and anyone may send cards to his home. She desires quilt scraps and embroidery thread.

8. My uncle passed away, leaving me entirely alone, and, as I am in poor health and shut-in, I find it very lonely. I receive the Cheerful Letter magazine and wish to thank the one that sends it to me. I enjoy reading it and then pass it on to others. Has anyone any silk and print pieces? Mrs. Ola Burgess, Box 285, Ansonville, N. C.

9. Mrs. Queenie Craig, Patrick Springs, Va., has to support her five children between the ages of 4 and 12, and would be glad to receive quilt pieces and reading matter.

10. I am a poor, lonely girl 19 years old with an aged father and sick mother.

I will be so thankful and happy to receive any good reading. I should like to read the Cheerful Letter magazine to my dear mother if someone would pass them on to me. Annie Freeman, Box 71, Bassett, Va.

11. Mrs. Bertha Womack, Rt. 1, Box 17, Athens, Tenn., wishes she might receive the Cheerful Letter, books, Bible reading, or embroidery work. She is 17 years old, has been married three years and has no children.

12. I would be glad to get any kind of embroidery work. I have a six months old baby, and my husband only works one or two days a week. Mrs. J. S. Ashley, Lansing, N. C.

13. Mrs. Harry T. Campbell, R.F.D. 1, Box 65, Monroe, Va., formerly Edna E. Hamilton, would be more than grateful for scraps of goods to piece quilt tops, or reading matter.

14. I am writing to ask if someone will please send some magazines suitable for my sons, the oldest is 15 years. They like stories of adventure. I will be glad of quilt scraps and stamping patterns, also old silk stockings to make rugs. Mrs. Bessie Barnes, Copeland, Ark.

15. Mrs. Cordelia Howell, Jefferson, N. C., has enjoyed the Cheerful Letter and cards sent her, and wishes to be remembered again with quilt scraps, thread and reading matter.

16. My family have all married, so I am alone most of the day. As I am not well and cannot get out, the weeks and days are very long for me. I am 65 years old and would appreciate some reading. Mrs. Robert Brown, Stoneville, N. C.

17. I wonder if anyone could send me a few story books, or pieces of cretonne to help me fix chair cushions and cover a box. My little girl is 6½ years old and the little boy is 6 weeks old. Mrs. Ann Carter, Rt. 1, Box 229, Chillicothe, Tex.

18. Mrs. Ola Brown, Rt. 4, Alpharetta, Ga., is a reader of the Cheerful Letter. She has five children and would appreciate scraps and thread for the oldest girl, playthings and picture books, and reading for herself.

19. If not asking too much, I'd be glad

of some old silk and cotton hose and any other old material to make hooked rugs, and toys for my baby boy. Mrs. E. L. Kilby, Rt. 1, Box 46, Rugby, Va.

20. Miss Sadie Lee Colson, Rt. 2, Box 22, Wadesboro, N. C., is a cripple and therefore confined to the house. Her family have been having Spanish pneumonia. Thread and quilt pieces would be welcomed, also reading matter.

21. We have moved to a new community and are far from church. I have a sick husband and a girl 12 years old who is unable to go to school. We will be glad to have scraps, thread, or books to read. Mrs. Sallie Luster, Rt. 1, Gainesville, Tex.

22. Mrs. S. B. Hamner, Rt. 2, Box 218, Lynchburg, Va., would appreciate quilt pieces, sewing materials, transfer patterns, and sugar or salt sacks. She would also like the American Magazine or any books for herself and sons, 9, 17 and 19.

23. My boy is 13 years old and girl 15 years. We live quite a way in the back woods and can't send our children to school. My husband and I are both broken in health and would like some kind of cheer, quilt pieces or thread. The children like funny papers. Mrs. Emaline Crain, Rupert, Ark.

24. I have been a member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange for ten years. I hope someone will send me some quilt scraps, and pencils and paper for the children, who like to draw. The girl is 5 and the boy 7. Mrs. L. S. Hill, Oakboro, N. C.

25. Mrs. J. W. Houchins, Rt. 1, Box 62, Troutville, Va., writes to ask for books, magazines or scraps for quilts. She is alone a great deal and her people can only visit her once every year or so. She has two boys in school who would enjoy any kind of reading or jig-saw puzzles.

26. I am a poor widow with two children whom I try to keep in school all I can. My aged mother lives with us and has only a small rent from her farm to live on. I would appreciate some scraps and thread for quilts, also books or school

materials. Mrs. Odessa Moore, Rt. 5, Marshville, N. C.

27. Mrs. J. W. Parsons, Grassy Creek, N. C., would like anything to cheer and comfort an invalid. Stationery and stamps, patchwork pieces and thread would be most helpful.

28. Being a farmer's wife with four children, we have a hard time making a living. I wonder if someone would send me some scraps and thread for quilts and embroidery, as I am very fond of that kind of work. The children love story books and school material. Mrs. G. M. Helms, Rt. 1, Wingate, N. C.

29. Mrs. Ambrose Wood, Warrensville, N. C., wants some good books to read. She is very poor and has three little children who are unable to go out anywhere.

30. Would the Exchange be so kind as to send me some pieces to make bed quilts? I am a poor woman with six children. My 10-year-old daughter has heart trouble and must stay in bed most of the time, so anything to amuse her would be appreciated. Mrs. Bennie Walker, Campbell, Va.

31. I'm a woman in bad health, so would like to piece quilts and read if anyone has extra scraps and books which they could send me. Mrs. Annie Bridges, Dabney, Ark.

32. Mrs. J. M. Furches, Green Cove, Va., wishes to thank all who have sent her cheer in the past, and would be glad to receive some quilt scraps, bits of embroidery and thread to help pass the lonely, cold days.

33. Has anyone any gourd seeds which grow without handles and hold from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 gallons? I should like enough for one hill, 6-8 seeds. I would be glad to exchange handle gourd seed for them. Mrs. M. E. Eller, Silas Creek, N. C.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. MAUD WRIGHT
R.F.D. 1, Peachland, N. C.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Sallie Luster, Era, Texas, Rt. 1,

to Gainesville, Texas, Rt. 1.

Miss Edna E. Hamilton, Rt. 2, Sanddages, Va., to Mrs. Harry T. Campbell, R.F.D. 1, Box 65, Monroe, Va.

Annie E. Hayes to Mrs. Meluin Cain, Moffitt, N. C.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES 137 YEARS AGO

"To all the Ladies whom it may concern:

"That a good wife should be like three things; which three things she should not be like:

"First, she should be like a snail, always keep within her own house; but she should not be like a snail to carry all she has upon her back:

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"Second, she should be like an echo, to speak when she is spoke to; but she should not be like an echo, always have the last word:

"Third, she should be like a town clock, always keep time and regularity; but she should not be like a town clock, to speak so loud, that all the town may hear her."

—*Old Farmer's Almanac*, 1796.

HOUSE AND HOME

A house is built of bricks and stones, of sills and posts and piers;

But a home is built of loving deeds that stand a thousand years.

A house, though but a humble cot, within its walls may hold

A home of priceless beauty, rich in Love's eternal gold.

The men of earth build houses—halls and chambers, roofs and homes—

But the women of the earth—God knows!—the women build the homes.

Eve could not stray from Paradise, for, oh! no matter where

Her gracious presence lit the way! lo! Paradise was there.

—*Nixon Waterman*.

It is estimated nearly 40 per cent of the people of the United States owe their living to industries which did not exist 40 years ago.

REASONS FOR THE FLOWERS ARE AS OLD AS FAIRYLAND

BY HELEN PITMAN

Before the lingering snowdrifts have melted into splashy pools the first spring flowers burst into bloom. One of the very bravest is the snowdrop that is found, both wild and cultivated, in almost every country of the world, although it bears different names, such as February flower, snow violet, bell-of-the-snow, and white ball. Our own name, Snowdrop, is derived from the German, the drop designating the pendant ear rings worn by the women of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Many legends have sprung up about this flower for it was a favorite long centuries ago. The Russian folk tale tells us how the snowdrop happened to be the first spring flower. A lovely girl, at the death of her father, was left to the mercy of her step-mother who hated her cruelly. One day in January she told the girl to go out in the woods and not to return until she had gathered a bunch of snowdrops. It was snowing and the girl went sorrowfully forth. She had not gone far when she saw ahead of her a fire burning brightly with twelve men seated about it. The men perceived that she was nearly frozen and invited her to join the circle. The man near where she seated herself asked her the cause of her visit which she told him. When she had finished the man told her that he could not help her but that the man sitting next to him could for he was February. The snow began to melt near the fire and presently a bed of snowdrops sprung up which the girl with many thanks gathered and carried home to her astonished mother.

The snowdrop has ever been the sign of spring. During the Crimean war a severe winter brought untold suffering to the soldiers. Anxiously they were awaiting any sign of spring when one day in February a soldier came into camp shouting, "Look—snowdrops!" He held up three small white blossoms. The men arose, uncovered their heads, and wept; they were so glad to know that the terrible

winter would soon be a thing of the past. It is interesting to know that many of these soldiers when they returned to England carried bulbs of the snowdrop, and today England has a variety called the Crimean snowdrop.

The trailing arbutus or Mayflower has been dear to the heart of everyone since the Pilgrims welcomed its delicate flowers at a time when they so needed heartening. The Mayflower is strictly North American, and the Iroquois Indians have a legend about it. According to them long before white men ever invaded the land an old, old Indian lived alone in the forest about the Great Lakes. It was winter; deep snows covered the land and the wind was freezing cold. The old man gazing from his tepee door upon the desolate country cried, "All must perish." Slowly he turned back into the tent to lean over his dying fire. A fair maiden entered with glowing cheeks and with a wreath of flowers about her head. The old man welcomed her, while as a way of introduction he told her that he was Manito. He said that at his command rivers froze, snow fell, and the birds flew South. The maiden smilingly replied, "Ah, but I am greater than you. Wherever I go flowers bloom and birds begin to sing." As she spoke the old Indian fell asleep. He began to grow smaller, rivulets of water ran from his white hair, and his clothes were turned into green grass. The miss took from her dress some pink, fragrant blossoms which she placed under the leaves saying, "I give to thee all my beauty, my sweetness and my most fragrant breath, and men shall gather thee with bowed heads and on bended knee."

The anemone, which seems too frail a flower to withstand the changeable spring weather, has always been associated with withered hopes. Venus loved Adonis dearly, but while Adonis was hunting one time a wild boar leapt upon him, killing him instantly. Venus was heartbroken and she decreed that as a living memorial his blood should be transformed into a flower, the anemone.

Another story tells us, that Anemone was a beautiful nymph whom Zephyr loved. Flora was jealous of Anemone's beauty and banished her from the court, which so saddened Anemone that she died. Zephyr called upon the gods, who took pity on him and changed Anemone into a flower. It is said that Zephyr fans her all day long.

The dandelion is considered a weed but who can deny its charm when in early spring the lawns burst forth into brilliant yellow? Were it not so common we would cherish it as we do many garden flowers that surely possess no more beauty of color. Elves and brownies had been the only inhabitants of the world until one day some giants invaded the land. The fairies were so frightened that they clung to each other, and all the ones dressed in yellow the queen turned into flowers of a beautiful golden hue.

The lily of the valley is one of the sweetest, shyest flowers. There lived around 559 A. D., a very religious monk who renounced all worldly things, going to live alone in a forest. In these woods there lived a fearful dragon, and many a battle did these two have. Each time the monk pushed the animal farther and farther away until at last he disappeared from the earth. Where each battle had been fought there sprung up a bed of lily of the valley from the blood of the holy man.

Nearly every one is familiar with the story of how the violets covered the land. Jupiter was making love to Io, which made Juno angry. To save Io from Juno's wrath Jupiter changed her into a beautiful white heifer, and everywhere caused violets to grow for her to eat. At the beginning all violets were supposed to be white, until one time when Venus was out walking in the fields she pricked her foot. The violets caught the royal blood and it dyed them rich purple.

The pansy is a cosmopolitan, and in Europe alone it has nearly 200 names, such as three-faces-under-a-hood and kiss-me-at-the-garden-gate. The pansies were originally white. The fairies were

having a council to try and decide what they could do to make the world brighter. One suggested that they make a new flower, which suggestion was met with approval. They immediately began, taking the blue from the sky, the red from the sunset, the yellow from the sunbeams, and the brown from the earth for the colors of this flower. Some of the fairies drew each others' pictures into the flowers, which show as faces in our pansies today.

When Iris was the messenger of the gods a bridge of beautiful colors was built for her by the sun and the ocean. One end was in the sky and the other rested upon the earth, held in place by a bag of gold. One very ambitious little boy decided to make it his life mission to seek this bag of gold. Over hills and down valleys he tramped, year in and year out. One night while he was sleeping he dreamed that a beautiful lady came to him and placed a looking glass before him. He was surprised to see how old and weary he had grown since he had started on his search. The fairy told him that he was near the gold which he would find, but that on account of his selfishness he would never receive any pleasure from it. It happened that the fairies lived in this pasture, and just as he started off with the bag of gold, which he easily found the next morning, one of them cut a little hole in the bag. Piece by piece the gold dropped out, covering the ground. One of the fairies suggested that they fasten stems onto the gold. So the meadow was covered with brilliant yellow flowers, our buttercups.

When Adam named the flowers in the Garden of Eden he cautioned them not to forget their names. All remembered but one little blue flower who had to go back and ask her name over again. Adam looked at her, saying "Forget-me-not," which has clung to it ever since.

—Clipped.

We have a head on us for the same reason that a pin has. To keep us from going too far.

MOTHER'S WORK

Dear patient woman, o'er your children
bending

To leave a good-night kiss on rosy lips,
Or list the simple prayers to God ascend-
ing

Ere slumber veil them in its soft
eclipse,

I wonder, do you dream that seraphs love
you,

And sometimes smooth the pathway for
your feet;

That off their silvery pinions float above
you,

When life is tangled and its cross-
roads meet?

So wan and tired, the whole long day so
busy,

To laugh or weep, at times, you hardly
know,

So many trifles make the poor brain
dizzy,

So many errands call you to and fro.
Small garments stitching, weaving fairy
stories,

And binding wounds, and bearing little
cares,

Your hours pass, unheeded all the glories
Of that great world beyond your nur-
sery stairs.

One schoolmate's pen has written words
of beauty,

Her poems sing themselves into the
heart;

Another's brush has magic; you have
duty;

No time to spare for poetry or art,
But only time for training little fingers,
And teaching youthful spirits to be
true;

You know not with what famine woman
lingers,

With art alone to fill her, watching you.

And yet, I think you'd rather keep the
babies,

Albeit their heads grow heavy on your
arm,

Than have the poet's fair, enchanted
may-bes,

The artist's visions, rich with dazzling
charm.

Sweet are the troubles of the happy
hours,

For even in weariness your soul is
blest,

And rich contentment all your being
dowers

That yours is not a hushed and empty
nest. —*Margaret E. Sangster.*

MAPLE SUGAR SEASON

Each spring, as soon as the sap flows
freely, the country boy looks forward
eagerly to the day when his father will
say, "Come, boys, it is time to go
sugaring!"

Maple-sugar time is one of the most
delightful seasons in the entire year.
The value of maple sap was first learned
about 1606, when a party of French in
Connecticut happened to see some In-
dians at work tapping trees and gather-
ing the sap. The Indians did not make
sugar, however, but simply boiled the
sap until they had a sweet beverage like
a very thin syrup, while the Indians
further north boiled it still more and
made a soft sugar used in flavoring.
They used dishes made of birch bark for
both gathering and boiling the sap, and
for a number of years the white people
did the same, thinking that the syrup
and sugar would be better if birch-bark
utensils were used.

Gradually it became the custom for the
colonists who owned maple trees to make
their allotments of sugar and syrup for
home consumption and marketing. In
1675 it was a well-established business,
the demand growing as the city or village
people learned to like it, and the farmers
went into it on a larger scale. Sugar was
sent to Europe, where, especially in
France, it was received with great favor.
At that time, the sugar cakes were in the
form of leaves, which looked pretty and
appetizing, and it was the custom for
society ladies to give "nibbling parties,"
at which the guests would daintily nibble
the cakes as they chatted.

—*Christian Register.*

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"THE GRAND PANJANDRUM HIMSELF"

There was once a boy who wanted to be a panjandrum. Yes, indeed, he wanted to be "the Grand Panjandrum himself."

So he went to his fairy godmother, and told her about it.

"I think it can be arranged," said she. "Do you know what a panjandrum is?"

The boy didn't. He had asked several people, but they couldn't tell him.

"Panjandrums," said the fairy, "have usually had fathers who were panjandrums—"

"My father," cried the boy, "never will be one. He's just changing his business, but he says he won't do panjandring. I don't know. When my father was a store-keeper, I liked helping him. But I might not like his new business, whatever it is."

"I see," nodded the godmother. "You want to choose what to be this time. And you've chosen to be a panjandrum."

"The Grand Panjandrum himself," said the boy.

"Very well. Take my hand!"

The boy put his hand in his godmother's. And at once things began to move. They went past the boy as if he were in a railroad train. First the fairy's cottage slipped by rather slowly. Then the meadow and the grove of maple trees hurried a bit. The next things were racing. A road, and a bridge, a river, and a village passed so fast the boy hardly saw them. When an ocean and two forests went by, a moment later, they were a blur of blue and two blurs of green. There wasn't anything else until the world slowed up again.

In the end it did slow. The boy and the fairy were even able, at last, to catch hold of a castle gate and stop it.

By walking through they found themselves in a wonderful garden. It had slender trees and pointed bushes, and red and yellow and blue beds of long-stemmed flowers. The castle walls about it were very high, with windows pointed like the bushes. And everything was very beautiful and shining.

"Where are we?" asked the boy, crowding against his godmother.

"We're in the garden of the Grand Panjandrum himself," said she.

"He'll never give all this to me," said the boy.

"Yes," answered the fairy. "I know his aunt's best friend. And from something she said the other day, I'm pretty sure the Panjandrum is willing to change his place. Here he comes now."

Half a dozen trumpets blared. The garden was suddenly full of people in a procession that came out one door so that it could go in through another. At the front were the trumpeters, who were all Negroes dressed in red jackets and blue trousers. Behind them were ladies in many gay colors, and gentlemen in silver and blue. Next came two big soldiers with swords in their hands. A little farther back were two very tall lords, and then more ladies and gentlemen. Between the big soldiers and the very tall lords was a small boy. He was the Grand Panjandrum. Except that the lords were holding up the end of his cloak, he looked rather lonesome, and very small.

"Can't he carry his own cloak?" asked the boy.

His godmother had stepped into the procession to tell the Panjandrum about him. So the boy turned to a gardener's helper who was watching the procession, just as he was.

The helper stared hard at the boy for asking such a question. He and the boy were about the same age.

"The Panjandrum never carries anything," said the helper. "He's the Grand Panjandrum himself."

The helper plainly admired panjandrums very much. The boy was about to tell him who the next one would be, when the godmother and the Panjandrum looked their way.

"Rogero!" called the Panjandrum.

"Yes, Your Majesty!" answered the helper, dropping on his knees at once.

"Show the boy everything in the garden! I'll see him after I've held court."

"Yes, Your Majesty!" said Rogero.

The helper didn't rise until the Grand Panjandrum had gone clear on through the second door.

Then he showed the boy everything in the garden. There were a great many things in it, and all of them were very fine. The flowers and trees, and even the carved stone benches, were grander than any other the boy had ever seen. They all belonged to the Grand Panjandrum.

After the garden had been shown, Rogero let the boy share with him in helping the gardeners. The boys carried flowerpots, and found the tools the gardeners had mislaid.

"What kind of work does the Grand Panjandrum do?" asked the boy.

"He doesn't do any," laughed Rogero. "He's the Grand Panjandrum himself."

Court was being held just inside the big glass windows. And the Panjandrum looked out every now and then to see what the boy and Rogero were doing.

When the gardening was finished, they played ball. The boy had brought his bat from home, and it came in very handily on the long walks of the garden.

The Panjandrum looked out oftener than before. Once the boy thought he even pressed his nose against the glass as an ordinary child might have done.

"Is the Panjandrum a good ball-player?" asked the boy.

"Oh," jeered Rogero. "He doesn't play anything. He's the Grand Panjandrum himself!"

The boy thought so hard about that answer that he missed the next ball. In a minute he was disputing with Rogero as to whose turn it was with the bat. Then they began to shove each other, and even to tussle.

The Panjandrum pushed up part of the window, and leaned out.

"Oh, what will he do to us?" cried Rogero. "There's never been a fight here before."

"Nothing," said the boy.

He had to laugh, thinking how surprised and awkward Nobody Rogero would feel when he found he'd been fighting with the Grand Panjandrum himself.

Out of the castle door came the small boy, with the satin cloak tucked over his arm. The smiling godmother was with him.

As they came, Rogero stepped politely behind a cosmos bed and left the boy to meet them alone. Now was the time for the boy to get his wish.

"The Grand Panjandrum," said the fairy, "has agreed you shall be whatever you want."

"What do you want?" asked the Panjandrum eagerly.

The boy looked at him.

The Panjandrum's shoulders were hunched, ready to peel off the royal cloak, his left hand had loosened his crown, and the right was fairly creeping toward the boy's bat.

All of a sudden the boy knew he didn't want to be a Grand Panjandrum. He didn't want to change places with the owner of a castle and to hold court.

"What will you be?" asked his godmother again.

The boy had to choose something quickly. He looked all around the garden, this way and that way. At last he saw the friendly face of Rogero peering between the cosmos stems.

"A gardener's helper," he shouted.

Things began to move again. In no time the boy was back at home. And there was his father fastening up the vines. He'd changed his business to gardening. The thing he needed right then was a helper to look around and see where he'd laid down the twine.—*By Lucretia Vaile in The Christian Register.*

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

—H. W. Longfellow.

EVERY-DAY FAITH

You do not worry when the bright day
fades

And in the twilight earth grows dark and
chill;

You do not worry when the midnight
shades

Hide in their gloom each pleasant glade
and hill;

You close in sleep your tired eyes, and
say:

"To-morrow God will send another day."

You do not worry when your garden fair
Beneath the winter snowdrifts lies entombed.

You do not worry when the icy air
Stirs but bare twigs where once the roses
bloomed;

You only say, content as one who knows:
"God sends again the summer and the
rose."

If you trust God in darkness for the
light,

If you trust Him in frost-time for the
rose,

Then why not trust Him with a faith as
bright

In all your daily frets and fears and
woes,

And say to every anxious thought and
pain:

"Life's shadows pass; God sends the sun
again."
—*Judith Fox.*

Use your muffin pans for baking apples, tomatoes, onions. They will keep their shape better than when baked in larger pans.

Cod liver oil has been shown to prevent rickets and promote growth in poultry, as well as improving egg production, quality of egg shells and hatchability.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

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To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

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